

BAD ATTITUDE

**A LESBIAN
SEX
MAGAZINE**

VOLUME 6

ISSUE 1

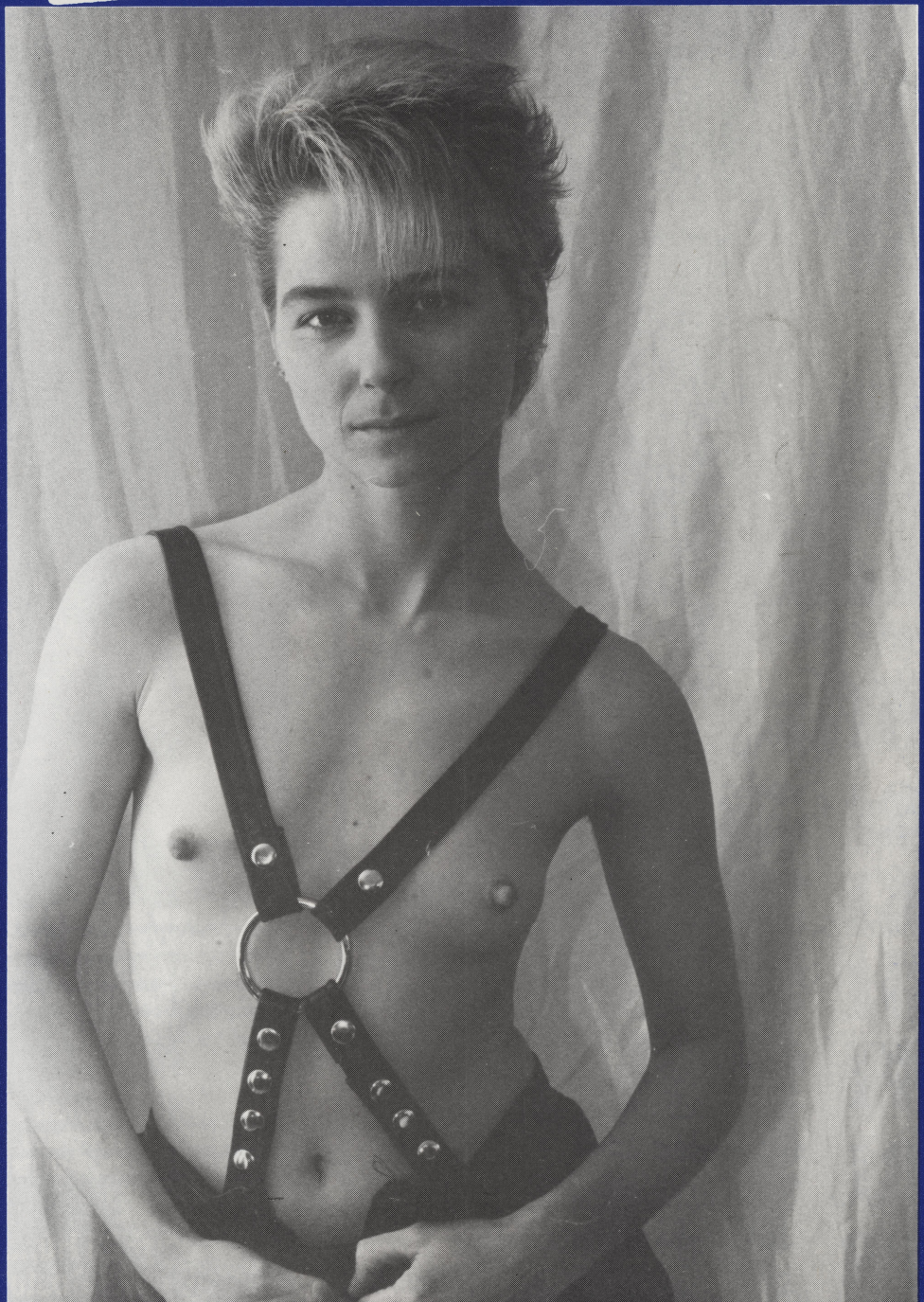
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BAD ATTITUDE

Volume 6 Number 1
February 1990

This magazine is called *Bad Attitude* because that's what women who take their sexuality into their own hands (so to speak) are told they have.

Jasmine Sterling
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All submissions must be accompanied by the author's or artist's name, address, telephone number and pen-name. Written materials must be typed. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Sterling words

I hope all of you enjoyed the first issue of the new *Bad Attitude*. Please feel free to let us know how you feel about the material in each issue.

Over the next few months, the magazine will be in transition. We are planning to make the issues thicker — full of more juicy photographs and stories, as well as more information. As the new editor, I want to deal with any and all aspects of lesbian sexuality, no matter how controversial. I want to stress free sexual expression: Nothing is too far out to print! By the way, I want to thank all of you writers for sending in your stories. Please keep them coming! (We also need photos, which should be black and white.)

You have probably already noticed a few changes in this issue. First of all, there is *Bad Attitude's* new look — let us know what you think of it. We have added an advice column, *Ask Alison* — so start sending in those sexy questions. Another new feature is *Bottled Up*, a section reserved for your favorite fantasies. Best of all, we are going to come out more often: every two months instead of every four.

Running a magazine demands a lot of time, dedication and imagination. So please bear with me if I make a few mistakes. Remember, we are all in this together.

EDITORIAL

by Jasmine Sterling

STONEWALL RIOTS

by ANDREA NATALIE



AS USUAL, ELLEN'S HUSBAND WASN'T REALLY LISTENING TO HER.

Safer-sex jitters

Dear Bad Attitude,
I've broken up with my lover of five years and am just beginning to date. The problem is that the women I am meeting do not want to use safe sex. I am very concerned about AIDS, and certainly don't want to practice risky sex. At the same time, when I insist on safe practices, the women are offended and don't want to see me again.

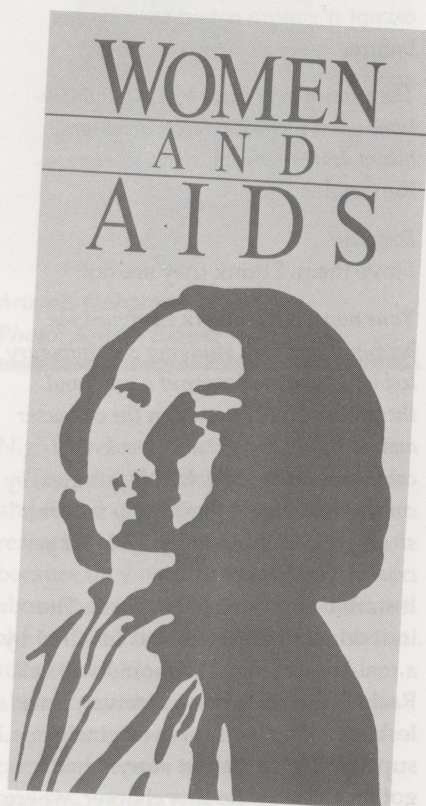
What should I do?

Desperate

Dear Desperate,
In my humble opinion, the women you have been dating sound like complete jerks — and that's putting it mildly. Just as well you are rid of them! I agree with you, safer sex should be an important concern nowadays.

Why don't you take some time to get to know your prospective sex partners? Spend lots of energy talking and engaging in other non-sexual activities together, until you feel comfortable with each other. Sit down and talk about your sexual and drug history, and ask her to do the same. It is your prerogative.

Don't rush into sex. Make sure that you and your partner-to-be have talked about safer-sex practices beforehand. Explain in detail your concerns and experiences with safer sex. I'm certain that you will meet



women who agree that safer sex is the best way to go.

If your prospective partner doesn't know much about safer practices, tell her in detail or show her a booklet on safer sex available from the AIDS service organization in your area. (If your local group does not have materials specifically for lesbians, contact the San Francisco AIDS Foundation for the brochure "Lesbians and AIDS.")

Remember: Safer sex can be fun and creative if your attitude is positive and your mind open. Many people enjoy the feel of latex or vinyl gloves, or the smell of flavored dental dams. Incorporate safer-sex items such as gloves or condoms in imaginative and fun ways. Explore together and create a safer sexuality!

ASK ALISON

If you are confused, depressed or downright disgusted, and starved for some helpful and sane advice, write to Alison, c/o Bad Attitude, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

1. Lady Emma Hamilton, 1761-1815, England

A commoner who made her way up the social ladder the hard way, Hamilton was the mistress of both Queen Maria Caroline of Naples and Admiral Nelson.

2. Catherine the Great, 1729-1796, Russia

A German princess who deposed her husband and became the czar, Catherine hated the female role from and early age. Like many free spirits, she preferred riding and shooting birds to playing with dolls. She wore men's clothes for the freedom they afforded her, and led the troops in battle wearing a male uniform.

Her marriage to Czar Peter III was not consummated for nearly a decade. During that time, she had affairs and was known for her licentiousness. She reputedly had passionate affairs with both men and women.

3. Alla Nazimova, b. 1879, Russia

The wife of Hollywood director Charles Bryant, Nazimova cowrote and helped direct the screen version of Oscar Wilde's play *Salome*. Another of her movies, *Camille*, included a lesbian scene.

Ken Russell's 1977 camp classic *Valentino* includes Leslie Caron as Nazimova.

4. Natasha Rambova, b. 1897, U.S.

Set and costume designer on *Salome* and other films, Rambova was the wife of silent-screen heartthrob Rudolph Valentino, and sometime lover of Alla Nazimova.

13 Famous Switch-Hitters

This issue of Bad Attitude features selections from "14 Famous Switch-Hitters," one of many lists in *Lesbian Lists* by Dell Richards, a book to be published by Alyson Publications.

Lace power

Artemis Oakgrove is the author of several lesbian S/M novels, including *Nighthawk* and *The Throne Trilogy*. Oakgrove's publishing company, Lace Publications, has brought out a variety of erotica, as well as the recent *The Lesbian S/M Safety Manual*.

What literary traditions have influenced your work?

1950s-60s lesbian pulp fiction by Ann Bannon and Randy Salem.

Have any other authors influenced you? Katherine Kurtz, who wrote a lot of medieval fantasy. Mary Renault, who is unfortunately no longer with us. A lot of sci-fi, fantasy writers, such as Anne McCaffrey. But as far as absolute direct influence on what I write, Ann Bannon was probably the only really direct influence.

Her books have been banned from some feminist book stores on the grounds that they are S/M novels.
Ann Bannon?

Yes. Do you think that they belong in that genre?

[Laughter] There's a lot of abuse going on in those novels, but as far as what's considered S/M, where adults are getting together and setting up consensual scenes, and doing bondage and discipline, and whipping, and that sort of stuff, there's absolutely nothing like that going on in any of Ann Bannon's novels. There was, however, a lot of abuse. And what she was writing about was really going on; it was almost codified behavior.

Plus the alcoholism.

Yes, but that's still going on now, except it's more covert than it was before.

The women portrayed by Lace Publications often include pirates, predators, bikers, leatherwomen, street fighters — Renegades.

Exactly.

I love them. I think they are hot.

*Your novel *Nighthawk* intrigued me because I had been studying contemporary lesbian literature for about a year, and there were a lot of novels on the character and political level of "nice people who came to the nice potluck." *Nighthawk*, by contrast, involves a "politically incorrect" street-gang leather fantasy. How did you create *Nighthawk*?*

It started from sexual fantasies. The individual *Nighthawk* was inspired by a real-life individual, whom I will call Rachal. Her picture was featured in a lesbian magazine. It was originally supposed to be a short story. I had gotten as far as the first chapter, where Lori was thrown through the back door into 'Hawk's apartment. And then, a couple of months later, the character Tien Le showed up. She was just there, and started interacting with the other characters in the short story.

How did you research it?

I read a lot, and I watched a lot of movies. Some of it was just imagination. If I could find a way to back it in fact, I did, and if not, I just went ahead and did it anyway.

Did you put in library sessions?

Definitely. I did a lot of reading on the Sioux, I did a lot of reading on the Vietnamese.

Do you use models or composites?

Toi is fashioned after a real person; so is Sophia. Those two characters are the only times real people, with the exception of Ryan [the millionaire butch pilot of the *Throne Trilogy*], have ever shown up in my books. Nighthawk

was inspired by Rachal, which doesn't mean that Rachal is like that. I don't know Rachal.

*In an interview with an English lesbian publication you described yourself as a "femme top" and were saying you had a slave girl in real life on very much the same terms as Sanji in the *Throne Trilogy*.*

Toi in *Nighthawk* is fashioned after that little girl I had at the time.

So you can in fact use a person as a muse. Well, yes, if an individual inspires me, but for the most part my characters are just inspired constructs out of my head. They just come to me.

Before researching for this interview, I knew nothing about the concepts or terminology of "femme top" and "butch bottom," or "butch top" and "femme bottom," for that matter. Your build is very delicate, so that's an interesting juxtaposition.

To be dominant and diminutive at the same time?

Yes.

A lot of people have that eroticized. They want to go under for someone who is smaller and seemingly weaker than they are. People don't think of someone who is small and feminine as having power, but — trust me.

*Lace published a collection of lesbian erotica, *The Leading Edge*. The book includes writing reflecting a variety of lesbian sexual orientations. Do you think the publication of lesbian sexual fiction fills a niche?*

Very much so. I wish people would find out just how well-written a lot of this is, and how different the concept and presentation of the erotica is, compared to what's out there already.

Will Lace publish another erotica anthology?

Yes. I've hired two editors. They're getting submissions from all over — not just the United States, but Canada

INTERVIEW

with Artemis Oakgrove
by Raquel Rodriguez

and England, everywhere. They're having a lot of fun with it.

*How do you see the future of *Lace* publications?*

I still want to focus on lesbian sexual fiction.

*Will there be a sequel to *Nighthawk*?*

I have started a book called *Warclouds*, which is a sequel to *Nighthawk*.

*Will you take *Nighthawk* off the streets and set her loose in prison?*

No. I'm not willing to disarm 'Hawk. If I were going to do a prison story, I would go back to the time when Rags, a character from the *Throne Trilogy*, was in prison. My prison fantasies center around Rags rather than 'Hawk. When 'Hawk got shot, that was hard enough for me. I've got it bad for prison stories, I do. But we can get into plenty of trouble without getting going to prison.

*What kind of political feedback do you get? For example, has anyone facetiously complained because *Nighthawk's* gang wasn't collectivised?*

And how come they don't have potlucks? Generally what happens is that people can't handle the violence. People complain about either racism or violence, or what they perceive as promoting violence against women. I feel that whatever it is they're uncomfortable about is the thing they don't complain about. In other words, they divert their complaint. So if the race of the characters is what bothers them the most, they bitch about the violence. If the violence is what bothers them, they bitch about the race.

What do they say about race?

They just come out right and say it's blatant racism. It's usually white women who are upset about it. But if they pinpoint racism, then I usually know that what they're uncomfortable about is the sex. Some black women have told me they perceive *Nighthawk* as being very strong, a very capable woman. Some black women have said they really appreciate the way



Artemis Oakgrove

Photo: Avanti/Denver

Nighthawk was presented in the book.

The people who pick up *Nighthawk* and find it disturbing for whatever reason, if they're honest at all, it's because they need to learn something about themselves. One woman told me she couldn't figure out why she was so uncomfortable with *Nighthawk*. It always gave her a sense of uneasiness. Later she wrote to me and said it was because she was raised in the South, and she was very uncomfortable with the idea of a white woman being dominated by a black woman. And she was very honest about it. She understood that it was the racism that she had grown up with, and that's what disturbed her about the book.

So if somebody is uncomfortable about the dildos or whatever, chances are it's probably something that really excited them, and they're not willing or ready to deal with it. So I don't set it up to disturb people — it just happens.

Do you see an artistic function for these things you've written that make people uncomfortable?

I don't set them up to make people uncomfortable. They just do. I have the determination to just write what I think and not self-censor. I'm not writing for shock value. I write because the characters come to me, and I'm enchanted by them, and I enjoy them. And they seem to want their stories written.

Famous switch-hitters

continued from page 3

5. Edith Lees Ellis, 20th century, England

A writer and lecturer in her own right, Ellis was married to pioneer sexologist Havelock Ellis. She fought for tolerance of "sexual inversion," as homosexuality was then called.

Although most people assumed she was heterosexual, she was the subject of one of her husband's most famous case studies of lesbianism.

6. Margaret Mead, 1901-1978, U.S.

At the height of her career, Mead was the most widely known anthropologist in the world. She wrote over forty books, the most famous of which is *Coming of Age in Samoa*. Married three times, she is believed by many to have had a romantic relationship with anthropologist Ruth Benedict.

7. Elizabeth Arden, 1878-1966, Canada

Along with Helena Rubenstein, Arden invented the cosmetic industry as we know it today. In contrast to modern attitudes, wearing makeup in Arden's era was considered not only scandalous, but an act of rebellious feminism.

Arden was a leading figure in the 1920s New York homosexual circle that included theater manager and politician Elizabeth Marbury, Mrs. William Vanderbilt, Marbury's lover Elsie de Wolfe, and Anne Morgan.

8. Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1892-1950, U.S.

Millay achieved fame at an early age. Although married to Eugene Boissvain, she was an ardent feminist and an outspoken advocate of sexual freedom, including bisexuality.

9. Frida Kahlo, b. 1910, Mexico

An important surrealist painter, Kahlo had a stormy marriage to painter Diego Rivera. At the same time, she had affairs with women. Many of Kahlo's paintings reflect her feminist world view.

Shaker

My girlfriend and I were there for the Quake. Ended up in a four-star hotel on Nob Hill, because we couldn't get out of town, and there was room at the inn.

Damndest thing was, Carole King's song kept going through my head. I kept trying to shake it, but the whole scene was surreal.

Anyway, terror, imminent death and candlelight have a way of charging things up. If they give you twin beds *nailed to the wall* and fluffy terry cloth robes but no hot water, you kind of *have* to improvise. We had no power but our own, if you take my meaning.

The smell of the Marina fire wafted in the open window, and the sirens sounded off and on during the night — quite conceivably our last. I was swollen with my period, and one tampon remained in my backpack. Bone-tired but wired all the same. I caught her looking at me.

"Too bad we don't have any latex," she smiled, suggestively.

"I do!" I shot back, fishing around for the zippered pocket on my leather jacket. Luckily, I'd used gloves as a prop for my presentation earlier in the week. She giggled and stripped one of the beds.

Maybe it was the extra adrenaline, but I felt insatiable. I wanted her to fuck me all night.

I didn't even have to ask, just brought the ties from the robes out with the towel I'd lie down on.

FICTION

by Marea Murray
with J. Gay

photographs by Morgan Gwenwald

Marea Murray is a frequent contributor to Bad Attitude.

J. Gay is a novice editrix

"Turn over," she said brusquely. She was quick about it, lashing my wrists to the bedposts in her practiced way. Pulling me to her knees, she pressed her breasts into my back and stroked my cunt with her gloved hand. I backed into her cunt with my ass, and we began to grind.

"If they only knew what kind of

Terror, imminent death and candlelight have a way of charging things up. If they give you twin beds *nailed to the wall* and fluffy terry cloth robes but no hot water, you kind of *have* to improvise.

people they let in here," she growled in my ear.

"Yeah, well, we'll use both beds."

My laughter lapsed into a groan as she moved into me, chucking the ridge between my cunt and asshole as if it were my chin. Picking up speed, she churned the cum around my clit and tangled with my pussy hair while her other hand played twist-and-pull with my nipples.

Even as we fucked, I kept flashing on the café scene when the tremors started. She noticed.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"I don't know, but I can't come. I can't do it," I sighed, irritated with myself.

She freed my hands and put her arms around me to soothe me. Though I was frustrated, I still wanted her. I turned over and she coddled me, her knees on either side of me.

I kissed her slowly, with another agenda in mind. When I knew she was



distracted, I moved for her cunt. She gasped for breath.

"I need you to take me hard tonight," she said, nibbling at my ear. I murmured agreement deep in my throat.

"You're so wet, baby."

"For you."

That did it; I drew my fingers

We'd done this before, but because we were perched on a twin bed, my fear of falling was even more intense. I was surprised at the panic flooding my chest.

together and thrust into her. She pushed her pelvis up to meet me, balancing on her heels and shoulders. Deftly, she placed a knee between my legs. I fell on her, bracing myself on the sides of the bed. The twin bed was proving useful after all.

Her legs began to clutch together. Working harder, I squeezed my knuckles into her dripping cunt. Her walls clamped down; I knew she was close.

"Let me in, baby, c'mon, let me in," I pleaded, my tongue invading her ear in an effort I knew would drive her wild.

It worked. She arched her self up again and turned us both on our sides.

It was the entry point. As her cunt opened, I drove my fingers to the back of her. My whole hand could open inside her. She began to spasm, coming, coming. I wrestled to hold her as she convulsed.

Resting and feeling the exhaustion,

we lay quietly. Eventually, we crawled into the fresh bed and closed our eyes.

We awoke with an aftershock. Without saying a word, she put on another glove. I waited in the darkness, wondering what she had in mind.

Lying on her back, she pulled me on top of her — my back on her stomach. She put her legs between mine and pushed them apart until I could stretch no further.

I began to lose my balance. As my legs quivered in the air, she reached across and cupped my breasts, anchoring me to her.

We'd done this before, but because we were perched on a twin bed, my fear of falling was even more intense. I was surprised at the panic flooding my chest.

She began to twist and stroke my tits again with one hand, while the other slid for my cunt. She pushed her fingers down over my cunt, then into me. I bucked into her even as her latexed fingers spread me wider.

Sandwiched, my ass ground her clit while my back rubbed her breasts. We strained to find each other's mouths, conscious of our noises in the eerie silence of the hotel.

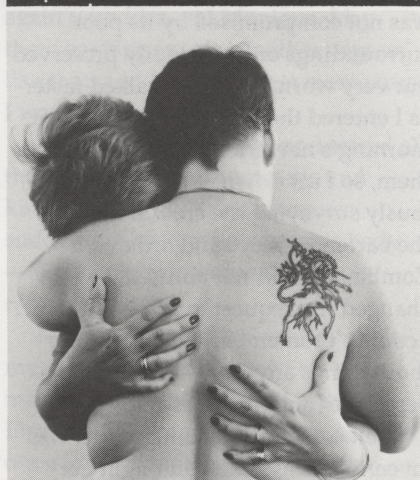
She started to fuck me harder. It was getting more difficult to stay balanced. I had to trust her hands to hold me and to do me at the same time.

So much of lovemaking is timing, you know. Releasing and pressing at the precise moment. I enjoy building tension, so I held on as long as I could. Perilous. Precarious.

This position let us ride together. She'd introduced me to it, and I love it. She knew me too well.

Then, just then, as I was *thinking* about it, she moved me out of that realm and into coming. Harder and harder, relentlessly. And I was out of breath and feeling and tingling...

And safe.



One Night in Rio

I awoke at dusk, languid and slow. Watching the sunset through the small window of the strange room, I pieced together memories of that morning. I had a date, I remembered, in the city: in Rio de Janeiro.

It was dark by the time I reached the hotel. It was a good hotel, not an American one; it had a dignity that was not compromised by its poor surroundings or its carefully preserved but very worn carpets. I walked faster as I entered the bar, eager to find that morning's new friends. I did not see them, so I sat down at the bar, anxiously surveying the crowd. I caught the bartender's eye and ordered a Zombie. He was not amused, so I changed my request to a gin and tonic. I couldn't remember what goes into those things anyway — I just remembered the Joni Mitchell song.

I felt someone watching me. It was an eerie feeling, like you might get miles into the forest, when you know there is not another human being for miles. And nothing makes a sound there. For the first time in a long time, I felt fear. I turned quickly, and saw a man at a small table not ten feet from me. He smiled innocently through cigarette smoke and winked at me. I thought about sex with a man: It had been years. I picked up my drink and set off in search of a dark corner.

As I walked toward an empty table, I saw a woman staring straight ahead, looking through me and beyond.

Another woman had her hand under the coat on her friend's lap. Recognizing Elsa, I smiled and walked over to them. Monique turned slowly, a resentful look changing to one of interest. Slowly withdrawing her hand, she said: "Well, hello, Mary. So glad you made it."

I stared at her hands. "I'd tell you to get a room, but you probably have," I grinned.

She blushed a little, recovered, and offered: "Would you like to see it? Elsa has talked of nothing else since we met you today." Now it was my turn to blush.

In the room, I looked them both over once more. Nothing would have pleased me more than to please them both. "May I sit down?" I asked hesitantly.

Monique motioned toward a chair. She watched me over the rim of her glass as she drained it. Setting it down, she looked at her lover, then turned back to me: "Well?"

I nodded my head. My lips moved as I watched her whisper something to Elsa, who seemed amused. Her eyes lit up, as if Monique had guessed one of Elsa's favorite fantasies. Suddenly, Elsa pushed Monique away and said something reproving in German.

"Monique can be so rude, have you noticed," she observed.

I laughed: "A lover's prerogative — yes?"

In the uncomfortable silence that followed, I realized that it was time — time for me to stretch out across their firm and spacious relationship, to watch them make love to each other, to have them make love to me. It seemed so uncomplicated to take my clothes off in front of them, to hear Elsa talk to me appreciatively.

"You look like a completely different person with your clothes off. Come over here, to me." And I lay between them, all of us fascinated by

another language, another way of feeling, receiving and reciprocating tender caresses.

Monique asked me if I wanted Elsa: "Have you noticed how she watches you? She wants to feel your strong legs wrapped around her. She wants me to hold you down while she makes you come, whispering your name as your climax shakes us all."

I certainly saw it then. I felt Elsa's finger, long and manicured, enter me from behind. Monique turned quickly, pinning me on my back. The air was still, except for the sound of Elsa's gentle penetrations, and then her sharp intake of breath as she found how sweet and soft all that wetness can be.

Monique brought her face down to mine as if to kiss me, but instead watched my eyes as her lover moved her mouth to the inside of my thigh. I bit my lip. Monique's lips tested mine carefully, while Elsa moved slowly up my thigh, kissing, biting, sucking. She watched as Elsa's mouth reached my open legs and open lips. I fought the urge to close my legs around her neck.

Elsa held me securely as she moved her tongue delicately above me, teasing, testing and finally tasting my desire. They increased the pressure on my arms and legs. As I pushed against her weight, Monique bit my lower lip hard, and as the pain and blood shot through my mouth, the gasp I let out seemed to encourage the fierceness of their attack. Monique smiled a wicked smile and moved down to my breasts. Her mouth explored my nipple, taking it between her teeth, sucking it, engulfing me.

She stopped suddenly and looked at me as if she had remembered something. "Mary," she said softly, "you want it hard now, don't you?"

Before I had time to answer, Elsa, excited by her words, began to thrust three of her fingers deep and fast inside me. Involuntary shudders

FICTION

by Maryanne deGoede

The author may be the horniest woman alive. Then again, she may not be. She likes to write.

began to move my body. I could not hold off an orgasm, nor could I move any closer. I was suspended, caught between two eternities. Elsa held me tightly, tenderly, almost gratefully, at the same time pushing my body into her mouth. I wrapped my legs around her neck and felt Monique pinch my nipples with her fingers, while her teeth bit my neck.

Moving to my ear, Monique whispered: "Oh, Mary, you make me come with you, you move so well."

Elsa moaned. The three of us moved closer with every thrust. My hands, suddenly free, pressed them close. "Elsa," I cried as her fingers released me.

You are beautiful," Elsa said as we relaxed into our sweat. Elsa ran her hands up and down my legs. Monique lay across my chest. I stroked Elsa's hair, while Monique made circles on my stomach with her fingertips.

I smiled at Elsa and said, "Your hands — " I couldn't put into words what I wanted to say.

Monique laughed: "Skilled, strong — loving, maybe? Come up here, Elsa, and let me see if I can feel what Mary means." She was a demanding woman, I could see. I could also see why Elsa would acquiesce.

Elsa moved beside Monique, molded her body behind her, and placed her hand directly over Monique's pubic hair. I shifted my position and joined Elsa's hand, running my fingers across hers and into Monique's hair. Ooh, I thought, I haven't touched a woman like this since college: She reminded me of one of my former roommates. Her dark hair glistened with her wetness; her triangle beckoned like a river valley.

Elsa's fingers guided mine. She knew every line and curve of Monique's body. I touched Monique's wetness with my fingertip and brought it to my mouth. She tasted vaguely familiar — like me, somehow. The scent alone was enough to excite me. I touched her again and felt her

shudder. She kissed me hungrily. I could see her losing control.

Elsa took my hand and pushed my middle finger into her lover. Her finger moved around to Monique's behind; from the inside, I could feel its gentle probing. I wanted to eat Monique, to take her slowly and in earnest. I moved down between her legs. I was on fire. I hovered over her, parted her lips. She spread her legs to let me in.

She whimpered when I kissed her there. I felt such affection for her. She massaged my head and tenderly stroked my hair. I looked up at her, and tears filled my eyes. Sometimes pleasure is close to sorrow, to memories of lost loves and past good-byes. I plunged deeper into her, to comfort her, to comfort myself.

Elsa said something to her in German. Those guttural sounds and the urgency with which she spoke them broke the sorrow like a wave of passion.

I felt Monique's fingers dig into my scalp, pushing me deep into her. My hands moved her body to my mouth with every thrust. I could have drowned there. At one moment, she seemed to want to escape — but then she was grateful that I had followed.

I did not want to move, but it occurred to me how nice it would be to penetrate her from behind, to be inside her when she came. I turned her over, onto my face. Elsa did not miss a stroke, slowly moving her finger in and out of Monique's butt. My right hand moved up between Monique's legs, while the other pushed her body back and forth against my tongue. She was open and warm. Ah, I said to myself, this is the work these hands were made to do.

Elsa began to bite her all over her backside. Monique's attempts to escape excited me, and I began thrusting deeply into her. I had never fisted, but I suddenly understood the phenomenon.

"Fuck her, Mary. Isn't that good?" Elsa whispered as her free hand sought me out. She found my cunt,

and I moved to meet her fingers. God, her fingers were scratching an itch I didn't know I had. Monique moved, strong and slow, across me.

I slowed my movements, wondering what was next. Elsa's finger slipped out of me. She moved to straddle me. Her tongue sought out Monique from behind. Monique began moving rapidly — it must have been their signal. Elsa grinding on top of me and Monique on my face was more than I could bear. I came in a flood of color, sensation and sweat. I came again with Elsa and Monique. I lay there gasping for air. Another orgasm like that, and I might forget more than I wanted.

Monique rolled off me and stared at the ceiling. Elsa lay across me and kissed me slowly. I felt innocent suddenly. She knew a woman's body — especially this woman's. I shyly returned her kiss.

Monique turned and whispered in my ear: "You think Elsa wants us to make love to her?" I didn't answer. Elsa was nibbling on my other ear. I let out a low moan. Monique took this for a yes. She put her fingers into Elsa, while she used her other hand to stroke her lover's back. Elsa again began to move on top of me. I could feel her passion pulling me in again. Her teeth were toying with my neck. I wanted to cry out, but I didn't want her to stop.

Monique noticed my plight and laughed. "Elsa is a little rough, Mary, because she loves American women."

I was breathless. "Make me come, Elsa, please now," I murmured in her ear. Monique moved her hand from Elsa's back and began to masturbate. I watched, I came, I melted. Elsa's eyes widened with pleasure, and she came, as Monique told her to "let go, let go, now."

I was intoxicated with them both. When they fell asleep, I lay between them in the darkness, imagining some day standing before a classroom, fielding questions about the research I had come here to do.

A view with a room

Look out and see if the cab's here yet," I heard her call to someone I hadn't seen, someone I guessed had arrived when I was out last night — or this morning. I smiled, thinking of last night and of that little round face busy guessing my weight. She had the longest, quickest little tongue, and the biggest...

"Take the suitcases in the hall, but leave that," came the loud and clear order. My neighbor, Janine, was going on vacation — Mexico, she had said once, when I managed to corner her in the laundry room. I made her nervous, and I liked it. I liked the way she flustered and fussed over nothing, then suddenly remembered something that needed doing and ran from me. I didn't mind: She looked cute dangling from my hook. I thought she'd look even cuter dangling from my tongue.

If she hadn't guessed that I would like to take her body seriously in my mouth, then she was blind, deaf and definitely dumb. So blind that she hadn't noticed the array of women who flickered in and out of my doorway, so many moths to a very hot flame. So deaf that she couldn't hear the moanings: women's voices husky with passion suddenly muffled with — what? And there could be no doubt that she was dumb, so dumb that she did not voice what was stirring in those tight Levi's. But I could wait.

But summer wouldn't be the same this year: no sets of bare tits glazed

with tanning oil and sweat to jump-start my heart. No more delightfully plump or treacherously tight butt cheeks teasing me, peeking out at me from string bikinis.

"I have to get away for a while!" I heard Janine shout. I looked over to her place — and there she was, pacing like a cat, phone in one hand. "To see — new faces!" she screamed, then slammed the receiver home.

"To sit on," I said, none too quietly. I watched her slip a belt through the loops of her walking shorts, smooth the sides of her blouse, tuck her hair under a hat, then pull her panties from the hold her butt cheeks had on them. Lucky tricot!

Oh, well. I heard her say something to the someone who was still out of my line of sight. Then she picked up her bag and closed her bedroom door. She reappeared down below, on her landing, again saying something to the phantom person. And then she was whisked off in the cab.

I squinted, and squirmed my head trying to see who the housesitter was, but saw nothing. Then I looked over to Janine's bedroom again and saw her: the one Janine was talking to, the one who was going to spend the summer in that bedroom. She was at the window, staring at me. She must have seen me watching Janine and looking — so obviously — for her.

She did not say anything, did not motion or nod, did not acknowledge me. Nothing. Well, hell.

I thought about smiling, waving, motioning to her — something to make her come over or invite me there. But before I could do anything, she was gone.

Maybe I dreamt her. Sure, maybe I just thought I saw that flurry of black hair that could easily hide her lusciously naked body until a great wind took up those strands and... Maybe I just thought I saw that light brown skin that would burst into a bronzed

wonder by August. No tan lines — please let her not believe in tan lines!

I was deep in my thoughts about being deep in her when I looked over again. The sun had started to set, pink light nudged at the glass in her bedroom window. It was hard to see anything but an outline. If my eyes weren't playing wishful tricks on me, she was taking off her clothes.

I could see her pants drop to the floor, exposing one of those body suits with a convenient break-away crotch. I've plundered many of those babies. The designer must have been a woman who loved quick and easy access to pussy.

I pressed myself closer to my window, straining my eyes to see more. She had moved deeper into the room, and I lost sight of her.

Minutes later, I heard the latch of the sliding door give. She stepped out on the balcony wrapped in a thick, thirsty robe. *What's under that robe*, the thought pounded against the walls of my skull.

Still cocooned in white terry cloth, she lay on the lounge chair: a queen surveying her kingdom. I moved slowly, carefully, quietly to my balcony. This was her game right now, and I would play by any rule she chose.

With her eyes fixed on my crotch, she slowly untied the sash of her robe. She held on to the edges of the robe, smiling at me, knowing the effect she was having on me. Oh, if she could only feel the flood swelling in my jeans. She stood up and turned her back to me. Just when I thought she was going back in, that this was all one big joke, she let the robe slip off her shoulders, pause, then fall effortlessly to the floor.

She didn't turn around right away. She afforded me a lingering view of her backside. Her ass was round and wide, like two brown pillows. The longest tip of her wild mane slid into a

FICTION

by Carrie Lynne

The author is a Native American semi-hermit who is currently back in the bowels of southern California and is very excited about her Christmas present: a labia piercing.

"V" at the top of her ass, a perfect fit. I imagined the tip of my tongue there: another perfect fit.

She bent over slowly, reaching for the robe at her feet — a place I would have paid anything to be at that moment. As she bent, the curve of her sweet ass rose high in the air, her cheeks parting slowly. I squinted to see that sliver of her softest skin, darker than her lovely cheeks. She stopped and spread her legs farther apart, then bent over more. When she was practically touching her toes, I finally got a good look at her puckering kiss-hole. I had a clear view, since the forest of dense pubic hair I was expecting had been cleared recently, and what was left was the smoothest, sleekest pathway to bliss I ever saw. As I was staring at her slit, she moved again, bending over more and more.

What an acrobat, I thought, wishing I had a rope to fling myself over to her castle to pillage her until dawn.

One of her hands slid up from between her legs and caressed the curve at the bottom of her ass. I watched her intently, a spectator of her sport. Every now and then she slipped the tip of one finger up her crack, teasing the sweet lip of succulent skin around her asshole.

When she started to dip that fingertip into her cunt, I knew I didn't want to play audience anymore. I had to get over there!

In the second it took me to make up my mind, she spun around as if she had read it. The look in her black eyes told me to keep my big fat ass right where it was. I obeyed.

I looked at her tits and could barely choke back my drool. They rose high in the air, like twin castles in the sky. Her nipples dared the breeze to knock them back.

She spread her legs wide and drew her knees to those hard nipples. Her sweet ass pulled away from the chair, her little asshole gasping for breath. Oh, to do CPR on her tiny mouth!

With a flick of the wrist, she slid her hand over her clit, going straight for the kill. She stroked and purred a

mean rhythm into her pouty little mound. Sweat was building a nice little bridge from cunt lip to lip. The flurry of fine hair on her ass glistened with a mixture of sweat and escaping juices.

My cunt was so wet that I could hear my juices slosh around within my cunt as I slid out of my jeans. I lay back on the soft carpet in my bedroom and let my hand wander down to its favorite place. I played my own secret tempo with my fingers as I watched her dip one, two, then three fingers deep inside her.

She closed her eyes for a moment and suckled each sopping finger, muttering something inaudible.

I shoved two fingers into myself, pulled out a good amount of my own sauce, and swirled my flavor along my tongue.

I closed my eyes for what I thought was a moment, and dreamt about how she tasted, how our two ingredients would make such a creamy dish. Her soft moans broke my thoughts and brought my eyes back to her hands. Out of nowhere she pulled a most delicious strap-on dildo, fresh from its package. Tricks up her cunt, eh? Then she took the working end and gave it a daintily kiss with her cunt lips.

Then she shot over at me a look that made me break out in a fever. *Yes, I'll do it, whatever it is — just tell me, and I'll do it!*

She mouthed something. Damn! I couldn't hear her! She said it again, and from the sneaky smile I could tell she was jerking me around.

I slid my thumb back onto my clit and re-inserted my fingers, keeping my eyes glued to that wonderfully wet cunt of hers. *Tell me, love, I'll do it. All*



photograph by China

summer long I'll do it! I screamed at her from my cunt.

I closed my eyes again and thought about fucking her with that strap-on. How her eyes would brighten and bug out when I drove her to the outskirts of ecstasy!

I was imagining what her nipples would feel like when I took them hard between my fingertips, slick with my own juices, when I felt something plunk cold and hard on my stomach.

I jerked my eyes open and looked down at the thing that had landed, so uninvited, near my cunt hair: *a key*. I should have known.

I dangled the silver key ring, which read so appropriately and directly: "Fuck me, bitch." I laughed when I saw the tiny "u" that had been etched over the "i" of *bitch*. I grabbed what I call my "house-call kit" of gloves, dams and lubes, thought about pulling on my jeans, but, looking back at her, picked up my handcuffs instead. ■

A teaser

I hate to travel, and it is at times like this that I wonder why the hell I took a job that keeps me running from town to town. Here I was again, with nothing to do on a Saturday night in a strange town. At least that was what I thought.

As is my usual habit, I consulted my guidebook for women and took off after dinner to the most promising-sounding women's bar. I was disappointed to find only a handful of women there, talking in small clusters or leaning on the bar. Where were all the women on a Saturday night in this town? Hoping it was just too early for the crowd — it was only 9 o'clock — I slid up onto a bar stool and ordered a beer. The bartender was busy setting up for the night, and I watched her for a while and made small talk. As the place started to fill up, I swiveled around to take in the scene.

Scanning the crowd, I caught the eye of a woman sitting in the corner of the room. I suddenly realized that she had been there a while — had she been staring at me the whole time? Embarrassed, I looked away, but when I looked back, she was still there — looking and smiling. This time I did not look away. I am shy, but I am not stupid.

She was very cute, in her tight blue jeans and Tony Lama cowboy boots. The only thing she wore on top was a very tight-fitting white undershirt.

FICTION

by Katy Did

The author lives and comes in Boston, and thinks the inventor of the vibrator should be cannonized. She thanks S. for showing her that sex gets better with age.

From across the room, I could see her brown nipples through the thin material. She put down her drink and made her way toward me through the bar. The stool next to me was open (yes, there is a goddess!), and she slipped her thigh over it. No doubt about it, she was hot.

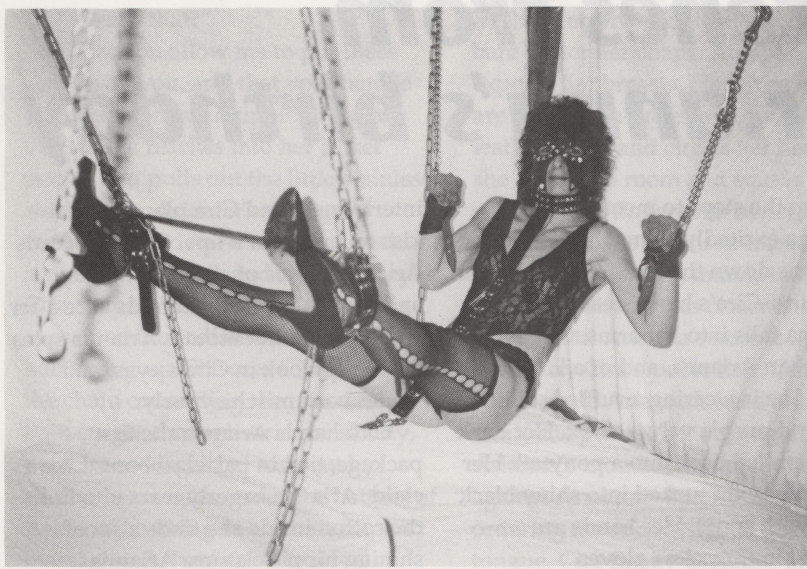
She said she had not seen me around. I said I was only in town for the weekend. What else we talked about I cannot remember — what happened next wiped the preliminaries out of my memory.

Moving closer to me, the woman asked if I liked to be teased. I glanced down at her nipples, hardening and pushing through her shirt. I felt a rush from my clit to my scalp. Before I could even muster a response, she whispered in my ear: "Come downstairs. It's very safe — and you won't regret it. But remember, you have to wait for it."

I watched her walk across the room, her tight jeans clinging to the curve of her ass. I followed her. I was not sure what I was getting into, but I knew I wanted that woman's hands on me in the worst way.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs, I looked around, but could not find her. There was no one in the bare hallway. There seemed to be no turning back now, so I walked down the hall and through the sole door at the end. I am not sure anything could have prepared me for what I saw next.

Everywhere in the dimly lit room there were women moaning with pleasure. The smell of sex was overpowering. In one corner, a woman was standing up against the wall, her hands and feet firmly secured with silk scarves. She was naked, and two women were teasing and pulling her nipples. She was moaning with pleasure and begging them to touch her hard, wet clit. Every so often one of the women would slip a finger over her, and she would shake in pleasure.



photograph by China

To her left was another woman, wearing nothing but black stiletto heels. She was bending forward over the arm of a chair, while another woman was dripping some wonderful-smelling oil down the crack of her ass. The woman was slowly massaging her ass and oiling her asshole. Her slippery fingers darted in and out of the woman's ass, and the woman screamed in pleasure and pleaded to be fucked.

Next thing I knew, my tempter was behind me. Her arms came around my body and started slowly unbuttoning my shirt. Instead of stopping when she reached my waist, she slid down the zipper of my jeans. Some other hands emerged from the darkness and pulled my clothes off. The constant moaning and sound of pleasure had gotten my clit to the point of a hard ache.

The three women laid me down on my back on a soft bed and started oiling my body. They slid their hands over my nipples and thighs. Then two of the women held open my legs, and my tempter slid behind me. "Wouldn't want to block your view," she explained.

In front of me the woman tied up and the woman in heels were getting hotter by the moment. I was now lying

on my back in her lap. Holding me from behind, with one arm hooked around my waist, she began circling my clit with the fingers of her other hand. I wanted her to touch it, but she would only glance over it and send trembles through my body. "You have to be patient," she instructed.

The other women held my legs firmly. I became the third woman in the room to be teased. I wanted to come, and at the same time I wanted it to last forever.

Just at the point when I thought I was going to faint with excitement, she touched me softly, then harder. I groaned with pleasure.

The woman in heels was getting fucked in earnest now, and she was coming hard. She was bent over, with her ass wide open. The other woman was filling her up and rocking her with force. The woman who was tied was being eaten by both women, who were taking turns going down on her. As if it had been planned, all three of us came crashing in pleasure at the same moment.

I couldn't concentrate for days after this experience. My mind would slip into the smells and sounds of that room. I guess travelling is not all that difficult. 



Scene I: Arianna's bedroom: Victorian furniture, canopy bed, lace bedspread.

Arianna is up early, attending to her toilette. A messenger has left a note under the bedroom door. She glances at it questioningly. She picks it up and places it on a bedside table. The note is handwritten on creme-colored paper:

*Arianna, my love,
I want you to be dressed and at
your door by 10 a.m. You are to
wear your white lace Victorian
dress, white lace shoes and stock-
ings, garter belt, and carry your
white lace parasol.
Love, Cira.*

Arianna looks out the window as she fastens her stocking to the garter belt. It promises to be a beautiful summer day. She surveys her image in the cheval mirror, then pulls the frilly dress over her head. Having carefully anchored the hat to her hair, she runs downstairs to await her lover's arrival.

A horse and buggy stops in front of the house. The woman driver holds the reins, while Cira steps down and

Scenes from Arianna's birthday

goes up the steps to meet Arianna. Arianna excitedly slams the front door and runs down the steps, tripping over her skirts. Cira's hand steadies her as Arianna falls into her arms. Cira is taller than Arianna, and of a larger build. She is wearing a ruffled white shirt and purple velvet cloak. Her dark hair is pulled back into a ponytail. Her black pants are tucked into shiny black boots with spurs. Her hands are covered in fingerless gloves.

"What is this fuss about?" asks Arianna, laughing.

"I thought it was a nice way to celebrate your birthday," replies Cira.

After a twenty-minute ride, they approach the entrance to the picnic area. Cira whispers instructions to the driver, who ties up the horse and fetches several packages from the rear of the buggy. Cira helps Arianna down and hands her the wicker picnic basket. Cira grabs a cooler and a blanket. They walk away from the buggy, through a park and up a steep hill. Arianna's long dress keeps sticking in the damp soil. At the top of the hill, Cira picks out a well-shaded spot under a giant oak tree. Delicate green moss lines the area. Arianna happily throws herself on the blanket. She opens her parasol.

Cira sets about preparing the feast. The driver departs, leaving three mysterious packages behind. Getting comfortable, Arianna removes her shoes, and Cira appreciatively glances at the white lace stockings as the dress rises provocatively above Arianna's knees. Cira smiles and goes back to her preparations. She opens a bottle of champagne. Arianna naughtily grabs the bottle and puts her mouth over the opening to catch the froth. Cira looks quite aroused, but takes back the bottle and proceeds to pour the champagne into the glasses. They toast, their arms

intertwined, and Cira places a light kiss on her lover's lips. Cira next feeds Arianna pieces of sliced cantaloupe, and Arianna joyfully enfolds slice after slice into her hot mouth. Arianna spies the lustful look in Cira's eyes, and smiles back mischievously.

Cira hands Arianna the first package, tied in pastel ribbons. Like a child, Arianna eagerly tears into it. In the cotton inside she finds a set of shining nipple clamps. Arianna squeaks in anticipation of the fun in store. Her mind drifts back to the time Cira introduced her to nipple clamps.

Scene II: A beach in Provincetown

Cira and Arianna are on the white sand of a beach in Provincetown. Arianna, in a playful mood, asks Cira several times if she can go topless. Cira, quite content to bask in the hot sun, ignores her. Arianna surveys the women around them: Many of them are walking hand-in-hand or lying on blankets topless. Arianna longs to experience the sensation of freedom from the restrictions of the bathing suit. Cira finally sits up, with a half smile on her lips. Arianna sees herself reflected in Cira's sunglasses.

"Fine, Arianna, you can go topless

FICTION

and photographs by China

The author is a photographer, model and writer who is working on a novel.

Before Bad Attitude, she wrote and photographed for Outrageous Women. She hopes that the characters in her stories stop coming to life and taking her to bed!

on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you allow me to put these clamps on you, and that you then lie with them on your nipples," states Cira as she reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out the little stainless-steel devils. Arianna's eyes grow round in wonder. Arianna lies back against the blanket and closes her eyes; Cira snaps on the clamps. Arianna's eyes open immediately, and she gasps, half sitting up. She sees Cira pulling on the chain connecting the two clamps. Pain surges through Arianna's body, but Cira assuages her torment by sliding her fingers under the bottom of Arianna's bathing suit. Cira's fingers massaging Arianna's clitoris is a wonderful distraction, and Arianna relaxes into the pain.

Scene III: Back at the Picnic

Cira hands Arianna a slightly larger package. Inside, within the many layers of tissue paper, lies a lilac-colored heavily boned corset.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaims Arianna, holding up the corset.

Scene IV: Living room of Cira's home. It is furnished with antiques, with lace abounding. There is a white wrought-iron chair, against which Arianna leans as Cira laces her into the corset.

Arianna's waist becomes smaller and smaller as Cira laces the corset tighter and tighter. When it is fully laced, Cira orders Arianna to sit down in the chair. Arianna does as she is told. Cira then ties her to the chair, weaving an intricate cocoon of rope. She ties Arianna so that her legs are spread apart, and the tight ropes cut across her breasts, pressing her nipples to protrude even further from the corset. This is Arianna's first experience with bondage. She feels helpless and powerless. Her arms are behind her, over the back of the chair. Cira exits the room, leaving Arianna tied in the chair. Arianna is overwhelmed; her mind is filled with questions about what will happen next.

Cira, now clad entirely in black leather, returns. Her lower body is bare under her chaps. An open vest exposes her breasts. Her large hands are encased in fingerless gloves. A leather headband circles her head. As she enters the room and stands before Arianna, her fingers rub her crotch in excitement. She begins to masturbate as Arianna watches, unable to do anything. Cira moves closer and closer, until Arianna's nose is lightly tickled by Cira's pubic hair. Cira's hands circle Arianna's head and chin, while she pushes her cunt against Arianna's mouth. She shoves herself against Arianna's lips, at times ordering the submissive to use her tongue. Cira finally explodes into Arianna's throat, saying, as she pulls back: "I should keep you tied up like this for a while, so you'll always be at my disposal."

Scene V: The picnic.

Arianna is jolted back to reality by yet another gift that Cira is pressing into her gloved hands. This one is wrapped in black paper, with a black bow. After shaking it a few times, Arianna opens it slowly and apprehensively. Arianna's eyes betray her as she pulls back the tissue paper. Her expression is one of surprise and fear, for in this box is a large dildo. Cira has humorously tied little ribbons along its entire length. Yes, Arianna remembers, this is the instrument with which Cira took her virginity. She again drifts back in time.

Scene VI: Jacuzzi

Arianna is soaking in a black jacuzzi full of bubbles. After a brief absence, Cira returns to the room, wearing an antique satin smoking jacket. She peels it off to enter the tub. Arianna is shocked to see Cira wearing a dildo in a harness. Cira strokes it and joins Arianna in the bubbles. She lowers herself onto Arianna, and they kiss. Cira touches her mouth to Arianna's neck and nipples. Arianna feels her legs being spread apart by Cira's adroit fingers. Cira is creating

wonderful sensations that shoot through Arianna's body like fireworks. She feels the dildo up against her vagina. Cira whispers: "Open up for me." Arianna obeys.

Arianna wraps her lithe legs around Cira's buttocks and feels the weapon slide into her. It tears into her guts. She grabs hold of the sides of the jacuzzi to steady herself. Cira takes her fiercely. Arianna wants to give all of herself to Cira. Tears come to her eyes and drip down her cheeks. Suddenly, Cira grabs Arianna and sits up in the jacuzzi, taking Arianna with her, so that Arianna is now straddling the shaft.

Scene VII: The picnic

Arianna, I hope you are having pleasant thoughts," whispers Cira in Arianna's ear.

Arianna opens her eyes and realizes that she is back at the picnic.

"Very pleasant, thank you," Arianna replies with a smile, her eyes shining like emeralds.

"The three presents I've given you are very special," says Cira. "When I can't be with you, all you have to do is hold one of them, and it will be as if I were with you — just like today."



Famous switch-hitters

continued from page 5

10. Tallulah Bankhead, b. 1903, U.S.

One of the "four horsemen of Alonquin" in 1920s New York, this film goddess was as notorious for her bar-room wit as for her sexual exploits.

Truman Capote's *Answered Prayers* details a party at which actor Montgomery Clift arrived drunk and soon passed out. Dorothy Parker immediately commented on his beauty, saying it was a pity he was a "cocksucker."

Bankhead, in her typical stuttering style, replied: "Well, d-d-dabbling, I r-r-really wouldn't know. He's never sucked my cock."

11. Nina Dyer, 20th century, England

Married to both Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza and Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, Dyer was "Oliver" to her women lovers. One of her lovers gave her a Cartier bracelet with the inscription, "To my panther, untamed by man." She was, however, tamed by society and guilt-ridden by what she considered unnatural desires. She committed suicide in her late thirties.

12. Jane Bowles, 1917-1973, U.S.

A novelist herself, Bowles was married to the author Paul Bowles. She spent much of her life in Mexico, Spain, France and Morocco. Her reputation as one of the finest modern writers rests entirely on one novel, one play and a handful of short stories. She is said to have died from the effects of "witchcraft" and alcohol during a fast for Ramadan.

13. Billie Holiday, 1915-1959, U.S.

Though basically heterosexual, in her biography, *Lady Sings the Blues*, Holiday described her lesbian experiences in prison, where a lesbian matron helped her survive. Holiday also talked about a close relationship with a wealthy white lesbian.

My busy, busy days
push thoughts of you
deep into my mind
but within the still darkness
of my lonely nights

I miss you so.

I can see the velvet
of your chocolate eyes
as they caress

my curves
and softness.

I long for your touch
to follow.

When my pictures of you
flash by

I remember you best...

your hair slightly mussed,
in the sun,
naked hedonists
your hand on my breast,
breathing quickened
and soft moans throatily
losing your control.
Tasting the saltiest
sweet moistness, yours
on my lips, fingers
wet on my legs.

My hands hold you softly
your breasts full response
my tongue on your neck
drawing sighs from us both...

Would

If I could

reach out to you now
to give you fully of all the love
that I keep
deep inside
on my busiest days.

POETRY

by Gayle

STONEWALL RIOTS by ANDREA NATALIE



ALEXIS COULD NO LONGER DENY SHE WAS LOSING TO THE COMPETITION.

Boots

They stood face to face, Thunder in her leather vest, jeans, and motorcycle boots, blue eyes blazing with desire. Jesse stood naked, looking down, knowing not to look her master in the eye until told. She really didn't mind: She enjoyed looking at her master's leather-bound feet. She stared at the leather she knew she would — and longed to — lick.

Thunder reached out and pulled Jesse closer. In her hand she held the soft leather collar that would begin this evening of ecstasy. Placing the collar snugly around her slave's neck, she asked: "Do you remember your safe word?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Yes — what?" Thunder asked gruffly.

"Yes, Master." Jesse spoke the words that placed her in her master's hands. She spoke the words that gave Thunder her rush of power, longing and passion.

Thunder placed her hands on Jesse's shoulders and pushed her to her knees.

"Lick 'em, bitch."

Obediently, Jesse began to run her tongue along the tip of Thunder's right boot. The scent of leather began to work its spell on her immediately. Her senses became locked on her task.

As she worked her way up the calf of the boot, she could hear her master's breath quicken. She knew that her master's boots were an extension of her master's clit. As she thought of this, she could feel her own cunt rush with longing.

She began to lick the left boot when she felt Thunder's hand stroke her ass.

Cool to the touch, Thunder thought. She raised her hand, and with two quick strokes brought out the warmth she knew was just beneath to the surface.

Jesse began to moan, indicating she wanted more. Thunder gladly obliged.

With each slap she could feel Jesse's tongue press deeper into her boot. With each slap she could feel her own cunt throb.

Jesse felt her own juices begin to drip down the inside of her thighs.

Thunder reached down and took hold of her slave's chin, tilting her face upward. In the light of the candles Jesse's eyes looked like two dark pools, pools Thunder could get lost in.

Jesse could see the lust on her master's face as she reached for the zipper of Thunder's jeans. As she began to unzip them, she could smell desire. Jesse could not wait to taste that desire. Gently she pulled the jeans down until she could see the slit of her

master's throbbing cunt.

Thunder, grabbing the back of Jesse's shimmering mane, pulled her face to her.

Hungrily, she began to lick her cunt. She could feel herself start to burn.

"Yes, baby," moaned Thunder, "yes!" Grasping Jesse's hair tighter in her fist, she began to rock. "Harder," she instructed.

Jesse grabbed hold of the rocking hips, knowing that at any moment her face would be showered with her master's release.

Thunder could feel herself starting to slip into a familiar state of twilight as she reached orgasm.

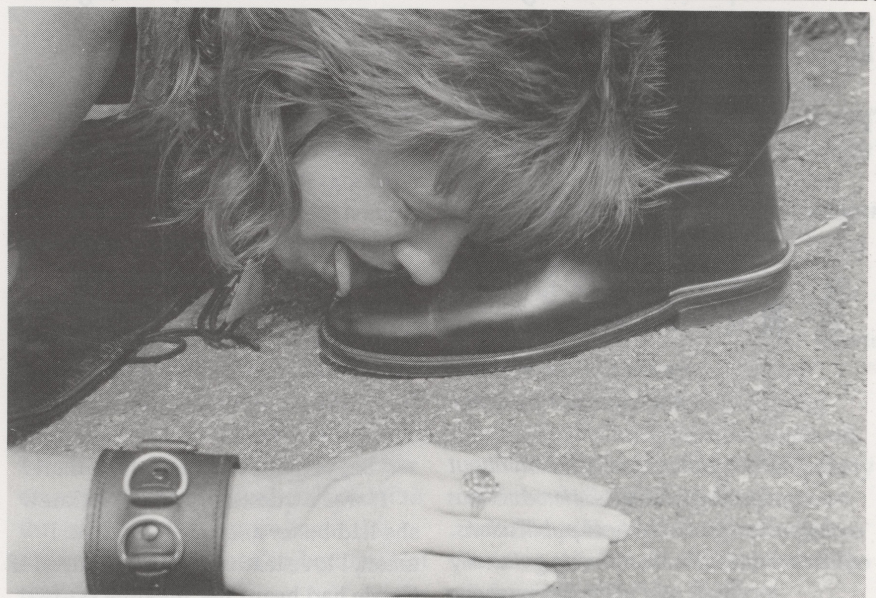
Jesse continued to lick and suck that golden snatch until she herself had reached fulfillment.

Spent, Thunder stepped back and sat on the wooden chair behind her.

Jesse, still on her knees, crawled to Thunder and placed her head on her thigh. Together they rested, for this was only the beginning.

FICTION

by Deb R. photograph by Jennie Sullivan



Rainbow fire

Alicia couldn't remember consciously wanting to bottom. She sat up in bed, rigid against the brass headboard, but the poles reminded her of the night before, so she slid back under the covers. She didn't want to accept it, even now that it was over, but it was impossible to deny the way her body had reacted.

She ran her hand over her sore nipples and groaned. The pain across her breasts caused her juices to flow, and she shivered from the bottom of her spine. Her body was betraying her. Again.

Moaning aloud, she drew the covers over her head. The heavy blanket blacked out the bright morning light, but the confusion continued to haunt her.

Alicia had always considered herself butch — not hard-core, but definitely butch. But last night, preparing herself for the party, she felt an inexplicable urge to tie the rarely worn black leather G-string onto her hips before stepping into her 501s. And the keys had been an accident — of that she was sure. It was just a mistake that she hooked the ring onto the right side of her belt, instead of the left.

The party was typical: too many people, too little interesting conversation, and too much cigarette smoke.

She threw her jacket in the bedroom and positioned herself near the open kitchen window with a can of Coke.

She had been staring out the window, ignoring bits of conversation, when another butch, much taller and much tougher-looking than Alicia knew herself to be, sashayed up to her and stood close, closer than Alicia would have liked. Pushing a full glass of ice next to the soda in Alicia's hand, she commanded: "Pour. Slowly, so it doesn't foam." She tilted the glass toward Alicia, her eyes deep and brown and strong. Alicia didn't look away — though she did try, she insisted to herself now.

She poured until the glass was full, then placed the nearly empty can on the counter. She stood quietly, waiting for further instructions.

The butch put the glass on the counter and smiled. "My name is Carrie." Her voice was soft and firm. Her hand fondled the keys against Alicia's hip.

"Oh, yes." Her hand traveled across the thick denim, not letting go of the hard steel keys.

Alicia looked down, wanting to deny, but she was afraid that Carrie would go away.

The sounds of the party became muted when Carrie moved in, her mouth leaving bruises and teeth marks, as Alicia felt herself pushed against the window frame. She was about to protest, but Carrie grabbed the hair at the back of her head, pulling her closer. Alicia inhaled deeply from the black leather jacket that pressed against her body. It was becoming increasingly difficult not to sink to her knees.

"So, you like the smell of leather?"

It was a question, and Alicia knew she had better answer. "Yes, I do. I mean, I love leather." She wondered if Carrie had heard her inhaling only moments before. She leaned into the smell and sighed.

Alicia had always considered herself butch — not hard-core, but definitely butch. But last night, she felt an inexplicable urge to wear the black leather G-string.

"You smell it only when I tell you to." Carrie pulled the zipper up roughly, hiding her body under the animal skin. Pulling Alicia in close, she grabbed the shank of hair harder, then pushed her away — inches away.

Afraid, but hotter than she remembered being ever before, Alicia wanted to beg, kneel, apologize. Instead, she stood absolutely still.

"Very good." Carrie's voice became kind, her words drawn out into a very slow drawl. Pushing hard, her leather-covered breast almost smothered Alicia. Alicia struggled not to breathe, trying desperately to banish all thoughts of breaking away. If Carrie could read her thoughts, she would be punished. The juices ran between her legs, soaking the forgotten G-string.

Carrie's hand traveled down Alicia's body and fingered the seam of her jeans, stopping at the protruding ties of the leather G, fondling leather under denim.

Alicia wondered what had possessed her to put it on.

Carrie's hand moved to Alicia's rear and stroked her ass, naked under the faded denim.

Alicia moaned, and Carrie pulled her hand away, grabbing Alicia by the hair before she had time to regret it: "Not until I give you permission."

Alicia stilled, her only movement a nod of obedience.

FICTION

by Karen Dale Wolman
photographs by China

The author writes quality fiction about decadent subjects. Her work has appeared in a variety of publications. She dedicates her life to being politically incorrect and offending as many heterosexuals as possible.

Hours later, Alicia knelt before Carrie in a strange bedroom, her arms behind her back, her only clothing the black leather G-string and a thin cotton T-shirt.

"Very good." Carrie yanked harder, but Alicia remained silent.

Carrie rewarded her with a kiss. Her hand went back to Alicia's ass.

Remembering in her bed the next morning, Alicia tried to deny how much she liked it. Her body, betraying and reminding her, throbbed, hot and wet.

Hours later, the party just a blur that never left the kitchen, Alicia knelt before Carrie in a strange bedroom, her arms behind her back, her only clothing the leather G and a thin cotton T-shirt. The air cooled her sweat. Carrie kissed the top of her head, then ripped the shirt. Shreds of white cotton hung limply on Alicia's body.

She remained still.

Carrie stroked the hollow of Alicia's throat and forced her head back in one swift movement. Her other hand held Alicia's chin, forcing her to look up at Carrie.

"You look so pretty from up here," said Carrie, letting her go. Alicia remained obediently submissive.

Carrie rewarded her with a soft stroke across her breast. Alicia stayed breathless, hungry, and Carrie stroked her harder, pinching Alicia's hardened nipple until she squirmed.

"You need to be restrained," Carrie declared. Alicia did not argue.

"Bring the ropes over here and kneel again at my feet."

Alicia wondered if she was supposed to walk or crawl, until Carrie pulled her up by the hair.

"I also want the leather cuffs. And the black whip." She unzipped her jacket, revealing a firm body, naked and sweaty under the hot leather.

When Alicia returned, placing the equipment at Carrie's feet, Carrie removed her jacket and reached for the leather harness hanging on the wall. She strapped it across her body and watched Alicia salivate at her framed breasts.

The harness adjusted, she picked up the whip and flexed her stomach muscles. A smile crossed her eyes as Alicia watched the muscles ripple above the top of her jeans.

Carrie breather deep and let her stomach relax. Her arm flexed in a hard, smooth movement, and the whip sliced through the air like a sharp razor.

Alicia flinched involuntarily. Carrie let the leather fringes fall over Alicia's shoulder, dangling provocatively over one breast.

"Do you want this?"

Alicia nodded, her eyes liquid with desire.

"Lie down on the floor."

Alicia did as she was told, lying with her back against the rough carpet. Carrie stood over her with the leather-and-steel ankle cuffs.

"Spread your legs." Alicia did, and she was rewarded with the soft lambskin that lined the cuffs.

"Now stand over there," Carrie pointed to the wall next to the bed. Alicia hadn't noticed the eye bolts before. She shivered as Carrie put her on a spreader board and clamped it to the wall. She didn't even know this woman. And she wasn't a bottom. Not really.

Carrie had Alicia's arms restrained before Alicia could say anything.

"I can read your eyes," Carrie said, "but I can also read your body."

Scratching across Alicia's hardened nipples, she dangled the whip in front of her and stroked gently with the soft leather.

"You don't have to be here. I will release you any time you want. Do you want?"

"Yes, I want to. No, I mean, I want this." Alicia was having trouble thinking straight. "I want to stay. Please, Carrie, let me stay."

"Even though you are afraid?" Carrie brought the whip between Alicia's legs and ran the wooden handle in the wetness.

Alicia moaned. Carrie brought the whip back and slashed it across Alicia's shoulder.

"Scream out 'red' if you want me to stop." Carrie brought the whip down again before Alicia could answer.

"That is your code word. Do you understand?"

Alicia nodded, but Carrie made her repeat it.

"Red' if I want to stop. But I don't. I won't say it."

"Be careful what you promise." Carrie's voice was ominous, her fingers sweet as she ran them between Alicia's legs to confirm the answer.

"No, baby, you don't want to stop."

Without warning, Carrie released the cuffs, turned Alicia around and restrained her again, this time facing the wall. A hard slap on the ass jarred her body. Carrie did it again. Alicia fought against the restraints.

"You can fight all you want," Carrie said, beating a sweet rhythm on Alicia's ass, "but you're not going anywhere." Carrie took her pants off, wound her arm between Alicia's body and the wall, and rubbed up against her. She pulled Alicia tight, her juices wetting Alicia's ass. Alicia leaned into it for more.

Carrie pulled back. "You are my slave."

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Alicia moaned.

"Yes. My sweet slave."

She stroked Alicia one more time, then pulled back again. She spoke aloud as she walked around the room. "I have quite a collection of toys: blindfolds, paddles, suede whips. They'll feel nice against your body."

Without warning, a soft whip beat a gentle rhythm on Alicia's back.

"You like this?" Carrie asked, running her fingers smoothly down the skin, tapering off at the swell of Alicia's ass. She turned Alicia's head around to see her nod.

The strokes became harder as Carrie continued with a steady flogging rhythm. Alicia realized there were knots placed evenly down the suede fringes. The blood rose in her back, on her ass, down her legs, as Carrie whipped the length of her body.

She was just getting used to the feel when Carrie came up suddenly between her legs. She felt the sting of hard leather smack against her already swollen vagina.

"I call this my pussy whip."

It crashed against her body again. Never had she imagined such sweet pain. When Carrie stopped, Alicia begged for more.

"Oh, baby, be careful what you ask for." Carrie brought the paddle up again. It was narrow enough to fit easily between Alicia's legs, but Carrie

hit against the inside of her tender thighs with each stroke. She finished with a resounding smack against Alicia's cunt.

Alicia yelled out.

"You asked for this," Carrie said sternly, "and you will take it." She brought the paddle up again and again. Alicia remained silent, though her body jerked with each impact. Just as she thought she couldn't take any more, Carrie stopped and brought a high-powered vibrator up to her hungry clit.

"Come and you will be punished very severely. Do you understand?"

"But how will I stop? I'm so close already." Alicia's body was starting to shudder.

"You will tell me just before you get there," Carrie said, and switched the vibrator off. Alicia felt a paddle against her ass — a different one this time — and groaned. Was this ever going to end?

Alicia was relieved when Carrie untied her and ordered her to lie on the bed. Her body sank into the soft mattress. Even the velvet ropes felt soothing, softer than the lambskin lining of the leather cuffs.

Spread-eagle, her body bound to the four posters with the soft velvet, Alicia closed her eyes, only to have them covered tightly with a leather blindfold.

The fear rose again when she heard Carrie leave the room. Was she just going to leave her here?

Concentrating, Alicia recognized

the clank of metal and the sound of running water. Then the water shut off, and there was nothing but silence.

Carrie entered the room in time to see Alicia fighting against the restraints. Sitting on top of her stomach, Carrie put clamps on her already swollen nipples, laughed, and ran the vibrator between her legs.

"Be good, my sweet. You gave me your power hours ago." She pulled the vibrator away and pressed her thigh between Alicia's legs.

"Care to call out 'red'?"

Alicia shook her head vigorously. Carrie lifted herself off Alicia's body.

A metal spike grated up Alicia's torso. Carrie's unseen hand tightened the clamp on Alicia's left nipple.

"Damn you!" Carrie screamed out. "Why do you torture me so?"

A quick check with a finger between Alicia's lips provided the answer. Carrie placed a towel under Alicia's hips and smacked up against Alicia's cunt with her hand. Alicia cried out, fighting violently against the restraints.

"I advise you to be still," Carrie said, and Alicia felt something wet and thick smear against her cunt. Then, the unmistakable sharpness of a steel razor scraped over her mound and between her lips, and she obeyed, too frightened to move or even breathe.

It seemed like hours by the time Carrie finished, rinsed her off and massaged warm oil with a gentle hand.

"Sensitive, isn't it?" Carrie asked, then increased the pressure. Alicia

Pleasuring and teasing herself with a vibrator, Alicia considered the events of the preceding night. A gratifying thought entered her mind.

tried to move into the sensation, but Carrie pulled her hand away. Again.

Carrie removed the clamps from Alicia's nipples. Alicia screamed out, surprised that the bite of the alligator clamps hurt more when they were taken away.

Carrie leaned down. "You have such a beautiful body." Taking a whip from the side of the bed, she slashed it through the air until Alicia's body tensed from the sound.

"So beautiful."

Alicia relaxed from the compliment, only to hear the hiss of a flaming match. Liquid wax ran down her already melting body.

She fought against the restraints, but Carrie continued, dripping patterns over her breasts, down her stomach, onto the sensitive skin of her inner thighs. The wax neared her naked cunt, and Alicia screamed.

"Yes, baby, oh, yes."

Alicia yanked against the ropes, fought flashes of red, but could not stop herself from screaming.

"Oh, baby, you are so good." Carrie ran a latex glove under Alicia's nose, and Alicia swallowed hard, fighting her betraying body.

"Not your fist, God damn it! I'm not that big! I can't take it!"

The candle hissed in the background, and three fingers eased into Alicia. Her body bucked hard, and Carrie tightened the restraints, reentering with four fingers.

The tension dissolved as Carrie fucked her, but Alicia was not allowed to relax for long. Carrie secured

Although she had bottomed for one night, she hadn't been weak. She had taken everything without calling her code word. Even in subservience, she had been strong.

Alicia's cunt lips with clips and plunged in with her fist and dripped hot wax onto the exposed, swollen clit.

Alicia's body shuddered deep as

Carrie drove into her, the searing wax making her scream, cry, beg for Carrie to do it harder.

Still, the next morning, Alicia twisted away from the thought. God damn it, she was not a bottom.

Then why did the desire rise in her again, when her entire body was wracked with pain?

Holding on to the poles of her brass headboard, she stretched her body, watching the lean muscles ripple down the length of the bed. Her lips, still swollen from the night before, stood out against her hairless cunt. She reached down and stroked them. Carrie had been right. They were much more sensitive this way.

Pleasuring and teasing herself with a vibrator, Alicia considered the events of the preceding night. A gratifying thought entered her mind: Although she had bottomed for one night — and it was just for one night, the voice in her head insisted — she hadn't been weak. She had taken everything Carrie had given her without calling her code word. Even in subservience, she had been strong.

The thought relaxed Alicia enough to drift into her favorite fantasy. She had another butch lying on her back, begging to be touched. Alicia loomed above her, stroking her body, kissing her throat, holding her arms above her



head. The butch struggled beneath her, but Alicia held her down as her free hand roamed the firm body. Thoughts of hot wax and latex gloves flooded her brain, but she pushed them away.

Turning the vibrator on "high," Alicia visualized pinching the woman's nipples. Her own pelvis bucked, and she stifled a moan, her throat sore from screaming so much the night before.

Just as she was about to come, the fantasy woman rose, threw Alicia on her back, and tied her to the bedposts.

"No!" Alicia screamed as a fist pushed against her cervix, clenching and unclenching with her waves.

"I'm not like this! Red! I'm not a goddamned bottom!" She screamed until her throat was raw, but the fantasy wouldn't stop. Waves of crimson — hot, bloody, fiery — washed over her in endless swells. Remembering the code words she had given to a bottom once — *rainbow* and *fire* — she called those out, too, but they didn't help.

"God damn it! No! I am not like this!"

Alicia kept screaming, her mind kept fighting, but her body kept coming; it just wouldn't stop. Her voice hoarse, her body trembling, she finally gave up, gave in, released herself from the restraints and called Carrie.

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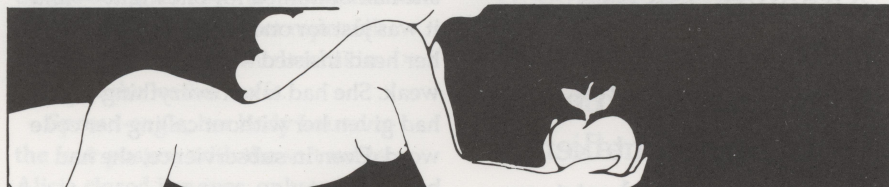
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Kiss my ass, please

The years had been very good for me and my all-female business — so good that I was interviewing for more help. Many beautiful women applied, but none lived up to the image I had in mind. If I had been able to take the hair of one,

have that ass soon, if not sooner.

One day I couldn't stand it anymore. I left the office early to put my I-forgot-my-papers-could-you-bring-them-by-my-house plan into motion.

By the time she arrived, everything, including me, was ready. She stayed

She was the best secretary I ever had

add the full lips of the second, big delicious tits and nipples from the third, round hips from the fourth, big sassy ass of the fifth, pretty legs of the sixth, I would have had my Miss Right. But it doesn't work that way — so I started looking again.

Then she appeared: gorgeous hair, full lips, luscious big tits, small waist, round hips, lovely legs, and, best of all, a big firm ass. I knew I wanted her right then and there, but, being the boss, I had to play it cool and take my time and not move in until the time was right. Needless to say, she became my very, very private secretary.

Each day for the next six long, painful months, I had her come in and out of my office and run long-corridor errands, so I could watch her sway her lovely ass from side to side. I had to

for a lazy dinner with wine. We let the evening drift us away.

The hour was growing late, and we were both getting high and hot. Before I could make my move, she started unbuttoning her blouse, proceeding to remove her bra, skirt and panties. I moved in.

I tongue-fucked her open mouth, and rubbed and sucked her tits, wishing I could get all of them in my mouth at one time. As I slowly traveled down her sweet, sweaty body, taking in all of her goodies, she turned her luscious ass to meet my lips. I kissed each cheek, squeezed, pulled, pinched, rubbed, and finally buried my face in this dream-come-true.

I ran my tongue up and down the outside of her asshole. She panted: "Oh, put my big tongue in my hole." I gently pressed and pushed my tongue in her open hole, exploring this lovely part of the body, which I had never had before.

Kissing her hole was heaven to me, but I had to remember her also. I moved one hand to her juicy cunt, and placed the other on her big tits. We rubbed, squeezed, licked, sucked, fucked, bit, came, fucked, rubbed, fucked, squeezed, fucked, licked, fucked, sucked, fucked, bit, fucked — and, yes, fucked ourselves to ecstasy.

Thank you, my dear secretary. You are the best secretary I ever had.

BOTTLED UP

by Anonymous

Send your sexiest, juiciest, riciest, rudest bottled-up fantasies to Bottled Up, Bad Attitude, Post Office Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139. If you have black-and-white photographs — all the better. Don't hold back!

PERSONALS

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Open auditions! I've just ended a long-term relationship and am seeking the right woman for play and

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Michelle and Monica wish to exchange sexy photos with other lesbian couples everywhere! Write to: Michelle Saul and Monica Rand, P.O. Box 11163, Chicago, IL 60611.

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Bad Attitude is still seeking young ladies who are not inhibited by the camera. Come have fun and join the people who make this magazine happen! Write to BA, P.O. Box 110, Cambridge, MA 02139.

\$50.00 for your story and wedding photos. WIM Publications, Black-owned lesbian-feminist publishers, are still seeking contributions for the *Lesbian and Gay Wedding Book*, a non-fiction pictorial that will document same-sex unions.

The deadline has been extended indefinitely, until WIM can publish a good cross-section of the community's multi-racial, multi-cultural ceremonies. But we would like to go to press in the spring of 1990. We invite couples to share their joy and to deal homophobia a blow by submitting by certified mail 3-5 well-chosen photographs from the ceremony (either black and white or color), a 500-1,000-word story about your relationship and the decision to commit your lives in a public ritual, and a copy of your vows. We pay upon acceptance. Guidelines are available. Make the world know we take our relationships seriously. Contributors will receive two free copies of the book. Dr. S. Diane Bogus, 3601 Crowell Rd. #100, Turlock, CA 95380; (209) 667-0966.

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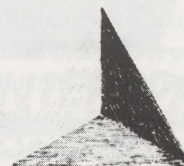
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